Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other skins,
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but foreiun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls ſo lowd?
Kom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore.
Hold, there is forty duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſpearſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd
Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will conſents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore cõpounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.